

Interviewed by Joe Winder April 12 1989

Transcribed by Marilyn Hunting September 2001

William Carl Sowards (Carl): I'm William Carl Sowards, born April 25, 1899. I am the son of N. G. Sowards and Mary Eliza Gibson. I was born across the street from the Episcopal Church about 250 West Main. I remember some of the things that happened in Vernal in those early days.

I remember the first bank that was [run] here by N. J. Meagher. I remember before there was any banks. They used to send their money to the Walker and Zion Banks in Salt Lake City. I remember a lot of the stores and restaurants in the early days. I remember down by the corner of the Vernal Bank today [going west from the southwest corner of Vernal Avenue and Main Street]. First, was the Coltharp Store, next was Bill Burton's store, and then was Les Ashton's hardware.

Then around the corner, south on Vernal Avenue, upstairs was where Max McClellan had a club and John Jorgensen had a club. In the early days, Dickie Jensen and his brother, Jule, had that upstairs and they worked in the leather business. Dickie Jensen was a saddle maker and done all kinds of other work and so was his brother, Jule. Later he took the mail carrier job and carried it for years.

Down the street a little further south was the Trim Building. Delos Trim was the son of Sol Tim, who was an undertaker at that time. Down the street a little further, where Day's Market is now [northwest corner of Vernal Avenue and 100 South], was Johnny Pope. He used to run a jewelry store. Later on, a few years, Al Hendra run a restaurant there. Across the street was a hotel run by Mrs. Rudge [northeast corner of Vernal Avenue and 100 South]. She had a sister up the street, which I failed to mention. Just after you go east from the Adams store, she run a restaurant; she and her husband. They had a daughter and a son, Helen and James.

Across the street south was a social hall [approximately 25 South Vernal Avenue], later run by Woodard. I remember when they used to have dances there. And around the corner on Main Street, about where the Vernal Drug is now [13 East Main Street], they used to have Wood's Café. He had a daughter, Bertha Woods; I went to school with her. Then right next to that, east of there, was what they called the Onion Saloon. Up the street on Main Street a ways, was another saloon where Ereksen used to go. He had a barbershop. He had such a wrinkled face, I used to wonder, when I was a kid, how they shaved him.

Then up the street further on the corner where the Interstate Bank is now [southwest corner of Main Street and 100 West] was the Omaha Saloon; then across the street north from there was Curt Hadlock's blacksmith shop. Just west of Curt Hadlock's shop was the Beers' store and they used to sell all kinds of things, anything they could carry. They didn't have any pennies in Vernal; there were pennies on the outside of Vernal, but they didn't use them in Vernal, so everything was five cents or more. They sold butter there. As a kid, I'd go down and buy butter; we used to prefer Mrs. Wise's butter. It was a very good butter.

Then, up the street on the north side of the street, east of the post office quite a little ways was the Donahue Restaurant, next to Dick Smith's barbershop [approximately 48 West Main]. He was the only barbershop in town that had a bathtub. He had a little raised tank up above, in the air, of his barbershop and he'd give a bath. Then there was a driveway through there. Then came Eaton's Meat shop. Then down street a little further was the Vernal Bank when it was first

occupied [18 West Main]. Then down the street a little further was the post office [12 West Main]. Right on the corner was called the Co-op Building [4 West Main].

Around the corner on Vernal Avenue north, just behind the Co-op, what is [J.C.] Penney's store now, was the Daughters of the Pioneers, now across from the tabernacle [186 South 500 West]. That used to be the tithing office. Davey Hill lived there for a long time.

I remember my grandfather wanted me to go to the mountain with him when I was nine years old. He ran his cattle up where the Buck Pasture is. He had nine acres he'd bought from the government at that time. He said he wanted me to go with him to block the wheels, but I think he just wanted me to go for company because I didn't block any wheels.

He had a little pony for me to ride. We got up there and Charlie Hardy was running Oaks' Sawmill and he wanted a beef. So Grandad said he would get one and he left me alone at the lower end of the Park, about a mile away and he went up and got them a beef. I remember how scared I was, at nine years old, being left alone. That was the trail where they used to haul copper from the copper mine just east of there. There was Windy Park and Government Park, Carter Road.

I was nine years old and my mother had two daughters, Leona; Etheline; myself, Carl; and my brother, Leland; and my sister, Mary. At that time she'd had my sister "Leen" over to the doctor and they said she had a little heart trouble. They told us to try and see how good we could be with her; she might not live too long. So the next day I tried to see how good I could be and I still remember, to this day, how wonderful I felt after that day was over, to see how good I'd been.

She did die that same year, with typhoid fever. The year I was nine years old she died in the fall, October, in Salt Lake City. My uncle had come out and they wanted his sister, my mother, to go back and have a trip with him. We took a trip over the mountain, over Taylor Mountain and down Young's Spring, over Lyman and over to Carter Station. That's the last time I saw my sister, as I got on the train over there. When she died, in October, taking typhoid, they shipped her back. She was embalmed and they shipped her back by Mack, Colorado. Grandad said he would go pick her up over at Dragon, I believe. He took the team. There was no bridges across Green River at the time and he went down at Alhandra. He crossed on the ferry and he went over and picked my sister up and he camped between Dragon and Green River that night. He said it was the most lonely night he'd ever spent in his life, the way the coyotes would howl and one thing or another.

I might mention of my father taking me down, I missed telling it, down to the same ferry, when he taught school in the Central School. The school had an outing. I remember, as they got on the ferry to come back, the kids were trying to hold Leo Calder back, he was kind of an athlete, to see how far he would jump after the ferry was leaving, to see if he could stay, to be the longest one. Justin Snow and some of the others held him back, but he did jump and get on the ferry. We went back and the school made lemonade out of the water, it was a little "riley," but that was all we had to drink.

When I was four years, Father wanted to go to school, summer school, in Berkeley, California. So during the month of June, my grandfather said he'd take him out to Heber to catch the train. That's where they caught it those days. They went down where it goes down Provo Canyon and catches the other train that comes and meets it there.

Well, as we went in the wagon, we went over the Blue Bench. It didn't go just the way they do now, and I remember stopping the first night at Lake Fork, and I remember Grandad

tying the rope across the bridge to keep the horses, hobbling them, to keep them from going back. I remember hearing a splash in the water and they said that was just a beaver. Well, the next day we continued our journey till we got to Strawberry and I remember seeing lots of sheep.

Grandad said we could dam off some of these little streams and catch a lot of fish. We did and we caught a lot of fish; threw them right out and then put them in the pan. That was before the Strawberry Reservoir was built.

Then we went down Daniels Canyon. I remember the many times we crossed Daniel Creek. If I remember right, we had to cross it fifty-two times from the head of Daniels Canyon to Heber. When we got down to Heber; we were getting ready to catch the train. I remember Mother getting us in the covered wagon and trying to give us a bath in the covered wagon in some kind of a big container. I remember it very well.

We caught the train and went on down to California. Where we first stopped, I remember plain, it was in Fairfield. We looked over at the Carina Strait, the Sacramento River, where it was quite wide and it looked bright, the sunshine on it. I can see it yet. The train stopped there before we crossed. The train then went across and we went on down to Berkeley where my father went to school.

I remember there were a lot of fleas. Boy, they bit me and I got to itching a lot. Mother was going to write a letter home to Grandmother. She says, "What do you want me to tell her?" I said, (I had been to the zoo and I'd seen some bears and lions and one thing and another) and I told her, "I wished I had two or three bears to scratch me!" I remember a Chinaman, the first Chinaman I had ever seen, he had a queue on. He'd come around with vegetables on a little cart and packed some on his back. I'd never seen anything like that before and he would sell them to the folks.

There wasn't any cars. I remember we used to cross the bay on a ferry. They would buy me a balloon, and when we got over there, we ate at the Palace Hotel. It's called the Sheraton Hotel now, I think. The first strawberry shortcake I had ever tasted, I had there. The rich cream that was on it! I remember when we were there, they had a little earthquake and everybody ran out to the middle of the street; that was before the big earthquake in 1906. I remember the trip back home to Salt Lake. We had a lot of jam and cream of wheat on the train.

My mother wanted my hair to grow long. She tried to curl it and I didn't like it. I would try to slick it down. I thought it made me look like a girl. We got into Salt Lake where George Waring, he was a relative of ours, worked in the ZCMI, and he asked me if I wanted my hair cut. I said yes, and he whacked it off. That's about all I remember about that trip.

When I was eight years old I was baptized by my father up in the Rock Point Canal, right on the ranch. There wasn't any witnesses, just himself and me.

Joe Winder (JW): Tell us about the ranch and when your father moved out there.

Carl: Well, they moved out there before my sister died. He, N.G. Sowards, was the fourth settler in the valley. Captain Dodds was the first. I forget the others, but they were the fourth white settlers in Ashley Valley. He wanted to settle over on Ashley Creek and Grandmother said, "No, I'm afraid of the Indians. Take me back closer to the hill where it is higher ground and I can see them when they're coming." So, that's how he happened to take up, next to the hill.

She told him he was land poor, which he was. He took up under the timberline and everything and he took clear over to the Yellow Hills and he owned all that over there where

Langston used to live, the Freestones and all that at one time. George Langston grubbed sagebrush for a \$150 for his ranch.

JW: Under that timber act you were able to plant so many trees?

Carl: Yes, he gained land that way. Both he and his wife took all they could.

JW: That grove out along the highway, is that part of the trees that he planted?

Carl: No. It sets back up in the meadow and the timber claim. They called it the timber claim. He had some hardwoods and he had some cottonwoods, along up by the ranch. They went clear down to the Green River and got that old round-leaf cottonwood, that is a detriment, and planted them. There is quite a few of them growing yet. It is a detriment to the land.

Now I remember in the early days, we used to have a religion class. I used to go to a religion class up in that old white stake building, do you remember that? The meetinghouse set back in quite a little ways.

JW: Now, you attended the Central School?

Carl: Yes, I started in with Grace Stringham, she is Don B. Colton's wife, sister to Bry. I went to her first. Then Merle and Mildred Pope came to school, they were a year younger than I am, they were twins.

JW: Did they just have the one brick building on the grounds then?

Carl: No, they had the two. They had where Robinsons live now. I can tell you a little story about Robinson. He worked for my Grandad—no Marshall it was, Jim Marshall. Now Robinsons was related, or some friend of, Marshall's, from England, they were English. They had that old school building, where you rang the bell. I never did go to that. I don't remember when that was built, that was built before my time.

JW: So this two story brick building?

Carl: Remember those folding doors? They used to raise up. They had the two classes in there. Pete Hansen, do you remember Pete Hansen? They had him and his daughter play the violin while the sacrament was going. Then it started around in the churches, quite a few of them, and the authorities got a hold of them. They thought it detracted from the spirit, they should be thinking about the Savior during the sacrament and they stopped it. Charlie Pope used to be in the Sunday school.

My father built a house out to the ranch. He owned sixteen acres north of the Gibson ranch, that's what my mother's father give them when they got married. He built a log cabin. Now this log cabin come out of Red Mountain, the Bartletts hauled logs from Red Mountain and went across the Red Wash, it's Spring Creek, they used to call it in those days, down Ashley Creek and the sawmill was run with water power from Ashley Creek. Those are the logs that are still in the house. The house is standing yet today and that was built before I was eight or nine

years old.

I remember going out there before it was built and one of the girls fell and hurt their forehead on one of the joists. It was quite a bad hurt and bled quite a bit. We used to move out there every summer.

My grandfather had an Englishman that worked for him. His name was Harry Miller and he used to help us move in a wagon. That was before any cars. We put down two planks and rolled a piano into the wagon. When we got out to the ranch, Harry Miller stepped on the plank, it stuck out back of the wagon two or three feet, and up-ended the piano into the soft soil. It didn't hurt it. Just a little place that was easy to fix with a bit of glue. The piano is still in use today. My sister-in-law's kids have it.

JW: Tell us what you know about S.R. Bennion.

Carl: S.R. Bennion was stake president. He was considered a pretty well to-do man, a good man with good judgement. He had good cattle and everything he raised was very good. He had a daughter that worked in the Co-op, Vilate. She had a patriarchal blessing, and I remember her telling what it said, when I was a small boy. Mr. Bennion had a pretty good-sized family. A lot of them were married to people that were raised here today: Sam, Ashley, Enos. Enos was the one that built a big brick house down on Main Street about 800 East. It's still standing today. He was a prominent man, too. He had about three kids, if I remember right, and took a great interest in the banks.

JW: John Bennion was another one. He married a Goodman from Brown's Park. His first wife, Vernie Richardson, was married to Walter Richardson. He died in the flu epidemic, then Johnny married Vernie later.

Do you remember where the First Ward met after they divided the wards? The chapel was next to the where the post office stood.

Carl: They still met in the schoolhouse till they built the Second Ward Chapel, where the Golden Age Center is now. They built a Tithing Office later. That was when President Smart was bishop. He was president of the stake after President Bennion.

JW: Do you remember anything about him?

Carl: Yes, I remember him talking. He had a beard. I remember his family. Lawrence was one of his kids. Joe Smart was just a little younger than I am. There was Joe Smart, Lawrence Smart, he was about the age of my sister, Leona. Then he had another older son that worked for the church in Salt Lake, William Jr. He was the editor of the *Deseret News*. Then he had a daughter, I can't think of her name. She was older than I am. He built that house that Siddoways moved into later. Pardon Dodds lived there first, then Siddoway moved in there last. Now it is torn down.

JW: About three years after he built that home, he was put in as president of the Duchesne Stake. Then in 1916 they divided the Roosevelt and Duchesne Stakes and he served as president of the Roosevelt Stake. He served in three stakes. First he served in Wasatch Stake. There were four stakes that President Smart served as president of the stake.

Carl: When I was a deacon we used to go gathering fast offerings. We wouldn't get much money, but we got lots of produce. We got flour, bottles of fruit, or anything else they'd give us. I remember one lady gave us some coffee; we took it in just the same.

My dad had the first commercial peach orchard in the county when I was about... Well, it started when I was maybe three or four years old. Run it for twenty-five years. He didn't lose any peaches. Whether he took good care of them or not, they sure did bear for twenty-five years. Then it came a hard winter and killed them.

People thought he was an extra good farmer. He was a good farmer all right, but I think they thought he was better than he was because he raise those peaches. Rebeau Calder wanted some peaches bad and Dad set a certain date to start selling them and he came out there with a buggy before daylight.

JW: I remember he used to raise good melons.

Carl: Yes, he raised lots of melons he liked, too. They raised them in Kentucky. He was born in Kentucky.

JW: His parents moved to Vernal?

Carl: No, his brother. He give me a patriarchal blessing and never had any recommend or nothing. I was sixteen years old. My uncle Harmon was a patriarch; he had a long beard. I went down to see his son, Harold, who lived about a mile from where I lived and he asked me if I wanted a patriarchal blessing and I said yes. So he gave me a patriarchal blessing that day. I haven't lived the best in the world, but that patriarchal blessing is come as near true as anything I know of. Telling me I should be a stay, one of the things in the Sowards family. I have been.

My sister Leona, she was about five years older than I am. She was a musician. She had gone back to New York, stayed with my aunt and studied under Damrosch. She played for the Sunday schools, wherever she was. She played for the picture shows here and played for dances. One time she was playing in the Orpheus, it was called then instead of the Imperial, which it was called later.

Enoch Gurr's brother [Joe] that had a wife he had divorced and a fellow by the name of [Felix] Wade had married her. This Gurr had been drinking that night and he had it in for this Gurr and his wife both. He had a gun with him and I guess Wade was prepared for him, he also had a gun. Just as they came out of the dance hall, this Gurr started something and Wade pumped him full of bullet holes. Some of the marks were still in the front of the Orpheus at that time. I remember a young girl, Patsy Mease, got shot in the foot.

Pardon Dodds had a shooting match with fellow by the name of Shaw that worked in a butcher shop. Pard Dodds had been working in the butcher shop some and they had some kind of an argument and they got to shooting at one another but they never hit one another. I remember going to the trial. They didn't do much with them. They let them go. They figured that one was about a stand-off to another.

I remember Hugh Colton. I was to the skating rink when the Orpheus was running. Showalter used to run the skating rink and we would go there skating. It cost twenty five cents. Us kids, we hadn't had much entertainment and we used to think that was wonderful to go

skating. Hugh Colton, he was one year younger than I am, and he was to the skating rink; so was Oswald Jensen, Orly Fowler, and two or three, and Tommy Brumback. I didn't see it, but Tommy Brumback and Hugh Colton got in an argument and they went out to fight and Tommy Brumback stabbed Hugh Colton in the side next to the heart. Just missed one of the artery veins. I remember his father bringing him down to court with a suit on that had the hole in. Sterling Colton was his father and they had a trial and they sent this Tommy Bromback to the farm school.

My Grandad Gibson used to drink quite a little bit. He was one of these drinkers that would get on a drunk and stay for ten days and sober up. He wouldn't drink in between, maybe go two or three months or six months, till he would sell some hay or cattle, then go to the saloon and drink and stay drunk till he was give out. He got in all kinds of fights and scrapes. He and Sterling Colton even had a fight. I remember he said Sterling Colton tried to chew his fingers.

He must've had a fight with Pardon Dodds or insulted him someway because one day he was riding up next to the hill, on a horse bareback, I believe, and as he got up to the head of his place where Pardon Dodds joins his place, Pardon Dodds had a pistol and opened fire on him. It scared the horse and throwed Grandad, so he opened fire on Pardon Dodds. They had a shooting match and he said he had one bullet left when Pardon Dodds jumped over the fence. I don't know what that done to them, but later, I don't know how soon it was afterwards, they both went in and handed their guns to the [sheriff]. My grandad was the first sheriff of Uintah County. He served in the legislature for years.

JW: In the constitutional convention, when they formed the constitution in 1896, he was one of the members of the constitutional convention. There is a picture of all the legislative convention.

Carl: I remember him saying he had, I think, two or three hundred dollars on him once in Salt Lake and he put it down in his boots and walked up the center of the street. He said he was scared to walk on the sidewalk.

He finally quite drinking. She [Mrs. Sowards] was put in the president of the Relief Society in 1915. I have her writing in a book here now that tells about that.

I remember when she used to come over here to town. The Relief Society had a building across the street from the Freestone building, that brick building, and Afton Odekirk was president of the Relief Society. My grandmother used to drive over there. She had an old horse, Freddie, I'd seen it tied up there many a times.

Another thing I wanted to tell. The people held their meetings in the schoolhouses. Maeser was called Mill Ward, Glines was called Fourth Ward, Naples Ward was called Merrell Ward, Jensen was called Riverdale.

JW: Could you tell us about going to the academy?

Carl: The old academy building was across from where Glade Sowards lives, kind of catty-cornered. It was a church building and we used to hold priesthood meeting there. Also, they tore the partition out later and we played basketball, us kids. Do you remember the old Cook planing mill on the corner? Do you remember Johnson's planing mill across the street on the other corner, that red building? He'd bring logs and he'd cut the logs but Cook had a planing mill and did fine work. He had Will, Mike, Joe, and Mark Cook.

Dad even taught Don B. Colton in that church school. They called it the Church Building in those early days. That's the only one they had outside of the district school, that church school. It would have been at the back end of the where the chapel sits now.

I went to school at the Uintah Academy when it was up on Sixth West. Fellow by the name of Mosby, Fuller Remington, Elmer Lind, they were older than I was a little bit; but they went to school there. Dad was teacher, then was superintendent of schools here for seventeen years.

That trip I was telling you about going over to Carter Station? We came back by Linwood to Lucerne Valley; that was in the county. They didn't have a Daggett County and that was in Uintah County. He wanted to visit schools. We went down to Linwood and visited. We had a fishing trip and Dad caught fish; he killed some sage hens. Then they got down to Keith Smith's and they went coyote hunting. There were a lot of coyotes. He had a balky horse and he traded this horse, she had colt, for a two-year-old French coach colt and some honey, to get rid of her.

I was just nine years old and we come back by Sheep Creek and Dad made a bed for us kids down where the ground was level, right in the cattle trail and pulled his buggy up to one side. In the night, here come a bull bellerin' down the trail; he'd been in a fight or something. Dad got scared. My brother Leland was only six years old and he got him up and carried him up in the buggy. I went up there, too. He got his .22 and shot ahead of the bull and tried to turn him.

Yes, we had a lot of those kind of experiences in the early days. That's the year when we come back, it had froze some of the peaches and froze corn—in August. That would be eight-one years ago this fall [1909].

There wasn't anybody to sell peaches. My Aunt Sarah stood out at the gate on our place and let them pick their own peaches, 'cause Dad was teaching school and Mother was in Salt Lake with my sister who had the typhoid. She sold peaches as they picked their own.

They had the White Schoolhouse in Ashley Ward. Then they had the Union Schoolhouse down in Union Ward, down where Seeley lived. Mable Preece and Stagg taught there first. The White Schoolhouse was up toward the Burton Ranch. It was after you turned the corner and come past the Burton Ranch. There used to be the Burton Lake, a resort. We used to go up there and go skating. Come to the next street, here is the White Schoolhouse. Grandad used to own land clear out to that street, a mile or better. There was a little log cabin there. That is where my sister was born, right across from an old box elder tree growing yet, they planted it.

JW: What did you do during the Depression? Did you go to California at that time?

Carl: No, I didn't go to California till about 1942-43. It was Depression, it was during the World War II. We were running a restaurant where the old Lady Bills used to run a restaurant. She and I both, running a restaurant. We didn't have any business, so I took off and went to Salt Lake. I helped build a hospital at Brigham City. I went down to Second Street, then I went down to Orem and worked on that, then they wanted a lot of carpenters up in Washington, so I got a pass and went up to Pasco, Washington, and worked up there a year. It was so crowded, I couldn't sleep. They were giving away stamps to go to Los Angeles. I got down as far as San Francisco and there was so much work, I never did get out of Northern California. I stayed right there and worked in the carpenter business and got a retirement. I got so I wouldn't take anything but finish work after I got on to it a while.

JW: You came back here about ten years.

Carl: We came back in 1972. I sold some land out to the ranch. I got a portion of the ranch. I got sixteen acres of the south meadow, that's down this way, across from the schoolhouse, up in there. I sold it to a fellow and he couldn't pay for it and I took it back and Curt Hunsaker bought it. I still have twenty-seven acres up the Steinkner Draw.

JW: Can you remember the gravel roads?

Carl: Yes, I can remember how the wind blew and the dust came down the street. Your uncle Wallace lived in the Hub Building. Lived there for years. They had a well right back of the house. We used to use water out of their well. And up above us was Jake Workman, he had well. He owned the Opera House. He swore quite a lot and was kind of good-hearted. He was from the south, I think Tennessee, come in here. Rishel or Pete Workman, his grandson, used to stay there. He went by the name of Rishel and Pete both. He was a little older than I was and he used say, Grandad wants us to carry water and get something ready, and he'd let us into the picture show.

Ada Daniels would come in here, her and her husband, and they would pick two or three more and they'd put on shows for a week.

JW: I can remember that building so well because the first year I was up to high school, that's where they played basketball. They had a gallery around the top. They used it for a year or two, then it burned down.

Carl: The fellow that painted the curtains for that was the fellow that Grandad had paint the "Remember the Maine." Do you remember Billy Gibson on that? That was the same year I believe I was born. They dropped this fellow down in a chair from on top with ropes. They were going to have him do a lot more, but he got scared. They had to take him down.

JW: In 1923, the first year I went to school, they had part of the rooms finished, but they didn't have the gym finished, so they played basketball across the street in the Opera House. Morris Pope was quite a basketball player, Clyde and Ike Hacking and George McCurdy. Cal Davis and the Hatches, they came along. They went to the Willcox Academy.

Carl: I remember the Uintah Railway. They had their wagons painted kind of an orange color. Later they wanted to bring people in by cars over Indian Canyon. They had yellow cars. I remember my aunt from New York come in that way once. They didn't last long, just one or two seasons is all they had cars.

JW: The freight wagons used to come past the Central School. Oh, they had some beautiful horses. They had the horse barn down by the mill, down on about Fourth North, then they owned the pasture west of that.

Carl: I remember when Dee Workman shot himself. I heard the shot. I was a kid in bed. He didn't kill himself, but he had a scar. He was drinking or something. He was just above our place on the south side of the street.

JW: The reason I remember Dee was because he was herding sheep for Uncle Orson. They were taking care of the bucks that summer at the Buck Pasture. I helped moved Uncle Orson's sheep up on the range. I think I was fourteen or fifteen then. Uncle Orson sent Dee down to Vernal with a wagon and I rode down from the Buck Pasture with Dee Workman.

Carl: Do you remember the little hole on the side of his jaw? Just a little hole. Do you remember Bill Workman, Joe? Vern Workman was the youngest one; he used to walk a rope. Then they had Gib Workman that shot Griffin here. Did you ever hear of that?

Griffin, the father of Con Griffin. He got to drinking and he had worked for Griffin up on the mill and Griffin owed him something and they got into it and he shot Griffin right here in Vernal. They put him in the pen for it.

I remember they used Elza Lay. He used to go over and stay on the Allen Davis place. He was an outlaw. He married Maud Davis. Flynn he was another outlaw here. Joe Burton let him live on a ranch of his down in Brush Creek while he went someplace one summer and when he come back, he started shooting at him before he could get in the gate. Trying to scare him off his own place. After he was dead, Joe Burton said, "He looks mighty good to me, lying in that coffin."

JW: I used to herd sheep on Diamond, I herded for Stanley Crouse.

Carl: I knew Stan Crouse quite well. Knew a lot of them in Brown's Park. They used to be Phoenix's. I worked at the oil well over in Clay Basin for quite some time. I cut wood. I had a contract there. Later, I put in wood for an oil company over there.

JW: From what I've read, Elza Lay was the one that drilled those wells over in Clay Basin, at least some of them, gas wells. Do you remember anything about him being there?

Carl: No. Did you know Whitey Roller? Whitey was over there. He went and got a fellow that stole my father's horse. They tracked him over into Wyoming, and they brought him back to Brown's Park and stopped there. Atwood was deputy sheriff and Dick Pope. He said he wanted a chew of tobacco; he went to the door and he run. They claimed they shot at him, I don't know, but he kept a-goin'. He walked in a track all night up to Clay Basin.

Whitey Roller, they hired him and give him \$25 if he could get him. He figured he was in a cabin there and he found him under a mattress. They brought him back here. He claimed his name was Walker. They tried him and sent him to prison for stealing the horse. I was fourteen years old.

JW: Whitey had a homestead next to our homestead on Diamond. He liked to talk a lot. His wife was a hard worker. They raised a garden. She'd pick wild berries and put them up, rhubarb, she would put it in bottles without any sugar. It would keep all right. They were sure good neighbors to us. They gave us a lot of encouragement. We were right between DeJournette and Crouse's territory there.

